Pat. Out gall. *Ther.* Finch egge.

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus* I am thwarted quite,
From my great purpose into morrowes battell,
Here is a letter from Queene *Hecuba*;
A token from her daughter my faire loue
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe:
An oth that I haue sworne: I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, fayle fame, honour or go or stay,
My *maior* vow lies here; this ile obay,
Come, come, *Therſites* help to trim my tent?
This night in banquetting must al be spent, away *Patroclus.*

Ther. With to much bloud, and to little braine, these two may run mad, but if with to much braine and to little bloud they do ile be a curer of mad-men, her's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow inough, and one that loues quailes, but hee has not so much braine as eare-wax, and the goodly transformation of *Iupiter* there, his be the Bull, the primitiue statue, and oblique memorial of cuck-olds, a thrifty shooing-horne in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is, should wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte, turne him to: to an Asse, were nothing hee is both Asse and Oxe, to an Oxe were nothing, her's both Oxe and Asse, to be a day, a Moyle, a Cat, a Fichooke, a Tode, a Lezard, an Oule, a Puttock, or a Herring without a rowe. I would not care, but to bee *Menelaus* I would conspire against desteny, aske me what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*, for I care not to be the Louse of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*—hey-day sprites and fires.

Enter Agam: Vliſſes, Neſt: and Diomed with lights.

Aga. We go wrong we goe wrong.

Aiax. No, yonder tis there where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you. *Aiax.* No not a whit:

Vliſ. Here comes himselfe to guide you.

Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Aga. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid God night,
Aiax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greekes generall.

Mene. Good night my Lord.

Hect.

Hect. Good night sweet Lo
Ther. Sweet draught, sweet
Achil. Good night and wel
tarry. *Aga.* Good night.
Achil. Old *Nector* tarries, an
Keepe *Hector* company an ho
Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue i
The tide whereof is now, go
Hect. Giue me your hand.
Vliſ. Follow his torch, he g
company. *Troy.* Sweet si
Hect. And so good night.
Achil. Come, come, enter
Ther. That same *Diomeds* a
iust knaue, I will no more t
will a serpent when hee hisse
promise like brabler the hou
tronomers foretell it, it is pr
change, the Sonne borrowe
keepes his word, I will rath
to dog him, they say hee kee
traytor *Calcas* tent. Ile after
continent varlots.
Dio. What are you vp here
Dio. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* I thin
Cal. She comes to you.
Vliſ. Stand, where the torc
Troy. *Creſſid* comes forth t
Dio. How now my charge.
Creſ. Now my sweet gardi
Troy. Yea so familiar?
Vliſ. Shee will sing any ma
Ther. And any man may si
she's noted. *Dio.* Wi
Cal. Remember yes:
Dio: Nay but do then and
Troy. What shall she remem
Creſ. Sweet hony Greeke